



sailing

and you pull with  
all your might—  
the rope burns your  
hand  
twisting your fingers  
and the sail  
suddenly billows  
and the boat  
tips and  
rocks  
and you are skimming  
to the  
lapping rhythm of water  
over and across  
and  
you lean back  
and let the  
water  
splotch your face  
and the salt  
dries on it. . .  
arm aching  
tipping  
rocking  
lapping  
swinging  
breeziness, billowing  
and you shriek and scream  
and laugh. . .  
and there is an  
all-penetrating atmosphere  
and the wind  
carries your voice  
far  
off. . .

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